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AN  
ADDRESS  
TO THE  
HON. EDMUND BURKE;  
FROM THE  
SWINISH MULTITUDE.

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[Price Sixpence.]

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FOR THE MONTH OF

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AN  
ADDRESS,  
TO THE  
HON. EDMUND BURKE.  
FROM THE  
SWinish MULTITUDE.

——— in quest of daily Game,  
Each able COURTIER acts the same.  
*Wolves, Lyons, Lynxes* while in place,  
Their friends and fellows are their chace.  
They play the *bear's and fox's* part;  
Now rob by force, now steal with art.  
They sometimes in the senate *bray*;  
Or chang'd again to *beasts of prey*,  
Down from the *Lion* to the *Ape*  
Practise the frauds of every shape.

GAY.

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LONDON.

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1793.

D. D. R. S.

HOMEDMUND BURKE

SWITHIN



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AN  
ADDRESS

TO THE  
HONOURABLE  
EDMUND BURKE.

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HONOURABLE SIR,

OVERFLOWING with gratitude, we can no longer refrain from offering, with that humility with which the *common people* ought to approach so respectable and so consistent a character, our acknowledgements for the extremely elegant and respectful epithet which your meekness, your gentleness, and above all your fondness for the people have induced you to bestow on them. Deign, thou tried friend

of the people, to accept our thanks : and, should we, in any part of this grateful address, unfortunately blunder upon a reproach where you might have hoped for a compliment, condescend to pardon the error, and impute it to the *swinishness* of our nature.

The favour for which we thus run over with gratitude, and which our modesty renders us rather shy of accepting, is that which you bestow on us in the 117th, page of your *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, where it is your gracious will and pleasure to apply the appellation of *Swinish Multitude* to a *poor and oppressed people*.

So little, Sir, are you disposed to exceed the plain matter of fact and truth, that for a while we doubted, since you had asserted it, whether we might not have undergone an actual metamorphosis: but since this punishment could only have been merited by the  
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real existence of the manifold sins and provocations spoken of in the proclamation which appointed a General Fast and day of humiliation, we resolved to employ that day in a careful self-examination; after a most strict scrutiny, we can discover no sins, which we as a nation can have committed, but what must have been expiated by our constant exertions of patience, confidence and forbearance.

So that perhaps, thou master of rhetorical flourishes, this *hoggiſh* honour, is after all, only one of your poetical and eccentric compliments: if so, we are well satisfied it is no worse, since it would but have been characteristic of your fondness for stage tricks, and of your goodwill towards us, to have seen you with a dagger in your hand ready to plunge in our throats. This *manœuvre* we however see no necessity for, since, in consequence of witnessing the

strange and inconsistent conduct of some of those we have been taught to regard as our real friends, we have been already so stricken with wonder as to *stare like struck pigs*.

But, kind Sir, however flattering to our pride this *sublime and beautiful* compliment may be, yet having been fully convinced by the perusal of certain writings, for which we are in a great measure indebted to you, that an undeserved title, so far from being an honour, is a satyr and a libel on him who wears it, we have chosen, previous to our accepting the favour you have intended for us, to enquire how far we may deserve it. This Sir, is necessary, because, should we discover others who are equally deserving the honour you have intended for us alone, justice will incline us to allow them their just proportion: or should it even appear, that there  
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are some who have an exclusive claim to that honour, we shall not only be willing to resign the proffered dignity, but we will not rest until it is placed on the head of the more successful candidates.

Now thou flower of chivalry and spirit of civility—Is it not to be doubted whether the people of this country, who, by the bye, have need of some proper epithet to distinguish them from those with whom you associate, are properly characterised by the term *swinish*? Alas, Good Sir! we much fear the contrary of what you propose will take place; and that men, instead of supposing that the honest, industrious and suffering part of this nation are meant by the *swinish multitude*, will conclude that the compliment was really intended for the sordid herd which help to fill up a court, and “who are as willing to act the  
 “ part of *flatterers, talebearers, parasites,*  
 “ *pimps,*

“ *pimps*, and *buffoons*, as any of the *lowest*  
 “ and *vilest* of mankind can possibly be.”

It must be acknowledged, that your friends, who have the management of our affairs, do, with no small degree of ingenuity, avail themselves of every opportunity of moulding us to your metaphor; endeavouring to render the resemblance between us and *Swine* as great as possible. Thus, Nature has so formed the organs of vision in *Swine* that they possess not the ability of raising their eyes upwards: this conformation being, as we are informed by naturalists, wisely intended by providence to prevent this species of animals from discovering whence the acorns fall; lest they should be induced, by their excessive stupidity and insatiable gluttony, to root up the tree, to obtain them all at once; thereby destroying the source of those blessings which they are so eager to enjoy.—So  
 do

do your worthy friends endeavour to prevent us, by threats and blusterings, from contemplating the lofty summit of that goodly tree which beareth crabs for us and hesperian fruit for them: lest, urged by appetite or indignation, we should resolve to grub it up by the roots, and join them in the scramble for the golden fruit.

But, kind Sir, let your compliment be received as it may, your intention must be allowed to be the same; we therefore cannot resist the impulse of offering, in return, a few compliments to you and your companions. The swinish herd of this country, you well know, have no claim indeed to unmeaning politeness; but doubt not of finding them always mindful of the favours you have bestowed on them, and eager to render you every slight return in their power, for your courteous behaviour. This they are bound to do, lest it be illnaturally  
said,

said, that you have indeed——*cast your pearls before Swine.*

With intention, therefore, of returning your compliment, we have rummaged Creation through; but are sorry to acknowledge, that our search has been so far unsuccessful, that we have not discovered in the whole brute creation one creature that will serve as the epitome of a courtier. Several animals have indeed offered themselves to our fancy, as fit emblems of some of the individuals within the circle of your acquaintance, such are *Monkies*, *Parrots* and *Jackdaws*, *Wolves* and *Foxes*, *Cormorants* and *Vultures*.

As to yourself good Sir, there are those who contend that you resemble the venomous asp, whose poison is placed beneath its tongue: others compare you to the Cameleon; and say that, like that creature, your appearance ever changes with your situation;



glowing with the brightest colours whilst basking in the sunshine of royalty, but assuming the most lurid and malignant hue if a cloud be interposed between you and that source of irresistible influence. They add, that one day we behold you the stern and rigid œconomist, harshly reprobating the corrupt and wasteful profusion of the public money; and the next day see you pointed at as a sly receiver of a part of that treasure which is drained from us by our numerous and distressing taxes: one day holding yourself out as the friend of liberty, and the next boldly avowing yourself the admirer and champion of those whom all the world besides call tyrants. But Sir, mind not these cruel aspersers of your spotless innocence, we need no prompters to enable us to pay you the compliment we wish, for in the course of our search, we have discovered one

beast

beast which deserves to be admitted as almost your exact prototype—It is—the JACKALL, the difference is only this, the true Jackall is the purveyor of the Lion himself; but you, Noble Sir, are the humble lacquey of any Afs in a Lion's skin.

Failing in the discovery of any one species of animals which would serve to characterise the whole of your friends, we have concluded it to be the only mode of shewing our gratitude, and of acting with justice, to extend that compliment to you and yours, which was intended by you to have been confined to us alone. Besides, Sir, this cannot be omitted without violating every rule of propriety; for, as we bear the same countenances and the same forms as yourself, your associates and employers, we cannot but think we were created in the same scale of being with yourselves: we therefore conclude, that if  
ye

ye are men so are we; if we are swine, so are ye swine likewise.

Let us then be all esteemed as Swine together; we will be satisfied with the plain appellation of the *swinish multitude*; whilst you and your friends, who are so fond of distinctions, shall be termed HOGS OF QUALITY: nor shall we grudge you the high sounding titles of RIGHT REVEREND, MOST NOBLE AND PUISSANT, MOST HONOURABLE GRACIOUS AND ILLUSTRIOUS, HIGH AND MIGHTY CHRISTIAN AND CATHOLIC SWINE.

We, Sir, are the poor swine who are exposed to every inclemency of the weather; and ye are the favoured herd who enjoy the shelter and protection of the *Stye*. Whilst we are driven to the irksome employment of grubbing for our livelihood in stony and barren grounds, ye are wallowing in all the luxuries which the *Stye* can yield.—

Luxuries,

Luxuries, well calculated to delight the hearts of noble and highborn Swine. Whilst ye are wallowing in these delights, it is true we likewise wallow. But how and where? Why like stupid and insensible Swine, to use your own expression, in the very "*Slough of Slavery.*"

Well knowing you Sir to be our firm and zealous friend, we have here presumed to introduce a few complaints of the evils we suffer; hoping that by your interference, a timely reform may be obtained; lest we should find it necessary to employ our *tusks* as well as our *hoofs* and again to use your own words, *abate the nuisance at once.*

Ye *Swine of quality* have the liberty of wandering, at your pleasure, over the face of the earth, and of taking up your residence where it best suits your inclination: but we, the *swinish multitude*, have yokes put round



round our necks and strings to our legs; and are thus arbitrarily fixed to those spots where we happen to be dropt. Nay should we, impelled by the fear of starving, escape to a situation where a better chance of gaining a livelihood appears, we are directly in danger of being made to feel the miseries of the *pound*.

Whilst ye are chewing the greatest dainties, and gorging yourselves at troughs filled with the daintiest wash; we, with our numerous train of *porkers*, are employed, from the rising to the setting sun, to obtain the means of subsistence, by turning up a stray root or two, or perhaps, picking up a few acorns. But, alas! of these we dare not partake, untill, by the laws made by ye Swine of quality, we have first deposited by far the greatest part in the store houses of the stye, as rent for

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the light of heaven and for the air we breathe.

We cannot Sir, but esteem it a very considerable hardship, that when thus confined to forage in even waste and barren places, some impediment or other is continually thrown in our way; laws are even formed by which we are prevented earning more than our employers think proper. In fact, holes are bored through our noses, in which are thrust iron rings, to prevent us too frequently committing the enormous crime of eating a plentiful meal.

In vain is it that we repine; for the moment we utter a complaint we are told our looks declare us to be well taken care of. True it is, that although we have little more than skin on our bones, yet industry gives us an wholesome appearance:

and

and although ye are so much better fed than we, yet, it must be allowed, that much the greater proportion of *measly hogs* are to be found in the sty than in the field.

There is one circumstance which we cannot help noticing, it is the curious mode of selecting some of the inhabitants of the sty. We learn that should any *pig* have the good fortune to be born with the mark of a star on his left breast, his fortune is made from his birth; and, instead of starving on roots and acorns, he is sure to be provided with his belly full of *loaves and fishes*, provided he does but grunt the note his keeper wishes.

It is very true, that we do not wish that all our offspring may become *learne dpigs*; but indeed, we cannot help thinking, that it would be no more than justice, if these *lordly Swine* would enable us to instruct our young, so that they might be capable

of comprehending the innumerable laws which are laid down for their conduct; and which should, they, even through ignorance, transgress, they are sure immediately to be sent to the *county pound*, or perhaps delivered over to the *butcher*.

Another most crying evil is, that among those inhabitants of the *stye* who are particularly employed in forming the above-mentioned laws, neither wisdom nor integrity is thought an indispensable qualification; since, it is alone sufficient that they are the firstborn of certain breeds: that being ascertained, they immediately become, for life our judges and lawgivers: now, to speak with sincerity, we must declare this somewhat resembles the choosing *a pig in a poke*.

Our hardships are the more severe since they are really undeserved; for we are well assured, Sir, that no complaints can  
be



be made against the propriety of our general conduct. Some little time since, indeed, we acted as though some evil spirit had possessed the whole herd; for no sooner had we heard the words of the late proclamation, put together, no doubt, for the purpose, by some of the inhabitants of the Sty, than fearing we were destined to furnish a meal for a host of *republicans* and *levellers* we suddenly plunged ourselves into the *stream of loyalty*, and suffered ourselves to be carried by the force of the current entirely out of our depth: not considering, that, in avoiding one evil we had rushed into a greater; nor was it until we had swam a considerable way down the stream, that we discovered we were all the time——*cutting our own throats*\*.

Indeed,

\* It may not be amiss to remark, in this place, that it is a fact well known to naturalists, that if *Swine* are

Indeed, good Sir, we think we are following your excellent example—not dealing in hyperbole, but keeping to plain truth, when we say that it appears as if the *flye* had devoted the whole of the *swinish multitude* to the charming employment either of cutting their own throats or those of their neighbours. For should some trifling quarrel arise between two neighbouring *swineherds*; or should the *swine* of another part of the world, worn out by are thrown into water they destroy themselves by the very efforts they employ to save their lives: for, by the constant friction of their fore feet against their necks in swimming, it always happens that they, literally—*cut their own throats*. Now who is there can deny, that the good people of this country, whilst testifying their loyalty by their numerous and dutiful addresses, filled with the offers of their lives and fortunes, were in fact, cutting their own throats, for that which seemed to have been offered as a gallant compliment only, was immediately secured by the minister as a solid gift, he directly seizing, for the service of the Crown, some thousands of their lives and some millions of their treasures.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

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the tyranny and oppression of their *drivers*, chuse to take upon themselves the administration of their own affairs, we are immediately sent by thousands to execute the gentle, but noble task of slaughtering our fellow creatures.

Consider, Sir, what a scene it offers to the view when near half a million of the *Jwinish multitude* set on by the *beasts of the sty* are employed for days together, tooth and nail, ripping one another open and tearing each other limb from limb. It may, Sir, afford sport and profit to you and your brethren of the *sty*; but alas! — 'Tis death to us.

Sometimes too, Sir, it may happen that some of us enter not into this business of blood and murder with quite so much delight, or so much zeal as our drivers may wish: some of us, from a wish to *save our bacon*, may endeavour to keep out of  
the

the way ; whilst others, exhausted by fatigue, may suffer themselves to be lulled in the embraces of

“ Tir’d Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy Sleep.”

Or to speak more exactly the language of the *swinish multitude*, may be found snoring at their post. These, Sir, we acknowledge are acts contrary to the laws of the sty. But, are not the punishments they incur a little too severe ? So however they have appeared to us when we have unhappily witnessed the shooting of one of our *fellow swine* like a mad-dog ; or when we have seen another *scored* and *pickled alive* : for we really cannot discover the justice or mercy of *whipping a pig to death*, to gratify the revenge of any—puppy of quality.

That our laws are not always calculated to produce their intended effects, or that our concerns are not always so well attended to as we could wish, is not to be wondered



wondered at ; since that, at the very moment they were employed in a business of so much importance to us, that thousands of our lives depended on its being ill or well done ; we have seen some of those inhabitants of the sty, who have the chief management of our affairs, reeling about  
 —as drunk as a hog at a tap tub \*.

Good

• These who wish to see this particular subject placed in the most advantageous points of view are referred to *Epigrammata Bacchannalia* in the Morning Chronicle, Being Epigrams on the subject of Messrs. PITT and DUNDAS going DRUNK to the House of Commons on the day when his Majesty's message was to be delivered relative to an *immediate* WAR with FRANCE.

*Addressed to the people of England by Messrs. PITT and DUNDAS.*

EPIGRAM.

If noble blood 'mong swine may lurk,  
 As *Masters* you must need indure us ;  
 You're but the hogs of EDMUND BURKE  
 But we, the hogs of EPICURUS.

C

" A time

Good Sir, we have really experienced several very severe grievances from the very extraordinary restraints which have been laid on our senses and our faculties. There has been hardly a sound, of late, which it has not been dangerous for our tongues to utter; nay, for several months past, have we been forbidden to fix our eyes

## EPIGRAM.

"*A time for all things*"—the base turncoats say,  
 „*Existing circumstances*" guide the way.

Thus Tyrants war, to please degenerate Whigs,  
 And Ministers get drunk—to please the Pigs.

*On the appearance in the Gazette of a proclamation for a General Fast, on account of our sins and wickedness, a few days after Messrs. PITT and DUNDAS came drunk to the House of Commons.*

## EPIGRAM.

One Royal Proclamation pass'd

Because the *swinish* be'd got thinking;

Another tells them they must *fa*?

Because the *swineberds* took to drinking!

## EPIGRAM.

Our day is come! our die is cast!

Ah! weep for Britain's hopeless lot,

While we, poor *swine*! are left to *fa*?

Our *drivers* all are gone to pot.

on black and white. So strictly have we complied with these wonderful restrictions, and so much have we been intimidated, that it has been said, we want the courage of the rustic, who carrying a *pig* to market, under his arm, had the luck to meet the Mayor and his train. "Clear the way for the Mayor, cried one,—What does the fellow stare at?" The countryman not discovering any thing in the Mayor, notwithstanding his trappings, that could make him a better man than himself, stoutly answered, "Stare, quotha, I will stare and "my pig shall stare too. Stare Pig, Stare."

But the most cruel and severe oppression of all others, is, that although through scantiness of food our ribs may be seen through our hides; although our noses are worn away in turning up good things for you and your brethren of the sty; although no provision is made for such of us as

chance

chance to escape the knife of the *butcher*;  
 and although we are continually exposed to  
 the lashings of those who are appointed our  
 drivers; yet, so little pity is had for us, that  
 all the inhabitants of the sty shew their  
 teeth, like so many wild boars, if we dare  
 but grunt a single complaint; and this, at  
 a time, when you are blest with a snug  
 corner, in the warmest part of the sty, for  
 grunting libels against

**THE SWINISH MULTITUDE.**

Signed

**OLD HUBERT,**

**SECRETARY.**





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
THE  
CITY  
OF  
NEW  
YORK  
FROM  
THE  
FIRST  
SETTLEMENT  
TO  
THE  
PRESENT  
TIME  
BY  
JOHN  
B. HOGGINS  
NEW  
YORK  
1898